

9-29-1912

Letter from Janet E. Davison, Wellesley,
Massachusetts, to Mrs. Austin H. Otis, Bath, New
York, 1912 September 29

Janet E. Davison

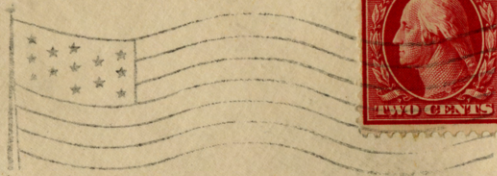
Wellesley College Archives

Follow this and additional works at: <https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcordavison>

Recommended Citation

Davison, Janet E. and Wellesley College Archives, "Letter from Janet E. Davison, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to Mrs. Austin H. Otis, Bath, New York, 1912 September 29" (1912). *Janet E. Davison letters (6C/1915)*. 78.
<https://repository.wellesley.edu/studentcordavison/78>

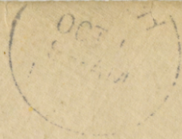
This Correspondence is brought to you for free and open access by the Wellesley Student Correspondence at Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Janet E. Davison letters (6C/1915) by an authorized administrator of Wellesley College Digital Scholarship and Archive. For more information, please contact ir@wellesley.edu.



Mrs. Austin H. Otis,

Bath,

New York.



Sunday Morning,
September 29, 1912.

Dear Grandma,

Helen has just started
for church & I have about $\frac{3}{4}$ hr.
till I have to go to choir prac-
tice. Don't you think I'm lucky
to get in? This a.m. I'll don
a long black robe like this
and march down the aisle in
state.



I think Tues. P.M. was
the last time I wrote. Well,
Tues. eve. I went to Music Hall
and sang "Holy, Holy, Holy" before
a bunch of seniors and alumnae

who asked innumerable questions. Then Helen & I went down to Mrs. Stone's and called on her and all her new girls. We stayed so late that we had to run all the way back to C. H. and got in just in the nick of time.

Perhaps you'd like to hear about the rest of my instructors. The history woman is a nut. This is the way she looks:

She's about fifty, I should say, and strives to please but in vain. She reads her lectures in a still small voice, like lightning, and with no pretence of time order.



hips

miss
swords

In short, her every word is hard to catch and, once caught, to write down intelligibly.

The economics lady is very nervous - she - ah - jerks her - ah - words out - ah - very much - ah - amicably. But she is interesting. The subject is bound to be no snap, & can see from her overly-mature eyes.

Helen & I are together in Comp. & we have a man, Arthur D. Sheffield, who stutters. However, he is a great scholar and mighty interesting. H- & I have chosen the same subject for our Forensics: i. e., Is the servant question a subject of false pride on the part of the working classes of America?

Our ~~Lit~~ lecturer is Miss Count, head of Lit. I; and the instructor, Miss Ruell who bids fair to give us a mad chase. She certainly is on to her job.

Margaret Harris is back again, on probation till mid year's like Mary and Harriet and many others. Her mother came down & raised a futile kick; then they went home & the principal of M-'s high school came

back with them and managed to get her in. You see there are 6 or 57 freshmen and more sophrs. than ever, came back, so they're simply weeding girls out right and left in an altogether heartless fashion.

We're assigned to tables in the big dining room now. Most tables have 7 faculty at their head but a Senior has nine. Her name is Elsie Serch (from Chicago) + her opposite is Gertrude Souther, another Sr. (from Worcester, Mass.). Then there's another Sr., two Jrs., Mary Gittinger (Maryland) and

7 raises Robertson, and one poor little Soph, Janet Davison, a red-headed girl from the country.

I was muchly interested in my cousin John till I found that he was married & then I grunted in disgust.

(must get ready for Chapel now.)

after dinner.

The choir is great! But the Chapel is some long when it comes to measured-treading to "Brightly Gleams Our Banner". Anyway I'm

even happier now & haven't been home-
sick a minute. I'm mighty sorry I
told people last summer that I hated
the place. -

After dinner we called on
Gertrude Souther and Mary Jittinger.
Just now we've returned & are
about to indulge in a little study
much as we hate to desecrate the
Sabbath.

Oh, yesterday P.M. was 1st Barn-
swallows. Helen took Marie Summer-
felt and I couldn't get a Freshman so
I went alone. Had a fine time, but
oh! my feet.

Now I must close for sure.
Give my love to my family, the
Sedgwicks & any others to whom
it seems feasible. Likewise tell
the same people that there are
males and males and, as I can't
have the second, I must have the
first. Lovingly,

Janet.
What is Mrs. Aull's relative's name?